

'Total genius'

– Jonathan Lethem, author of *Motherless Brooklyn*, father of two

# Go the Fuck to Sleep



by Adam Mansbach • illustrated by Ricardo Cortés

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CANONGATE

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Published by Canongate Books in 2011

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Illustrations © 2011 Ricardo Cortés

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First published in Great Britain in 2011 by Canongate  
Books Ltd, 14 High Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1TE

First published in the USA by Akashic Books,  
PO Box 1456, New York, NY 10009

[www.canongate.tv](http://www.canongate.tv)

ISBN 978 0 85786 265 5

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Butler,  
Tanner and Dennis, Frome

**Adam Mansbach's** novels include *The End of the Jews*, winner of the California Book Award, and the best-selling *Angry Black White Boy*, a *San Francisco Chronicle* Best Book of 2005. His fiction and essays have appeared in the *New York Times Book Review*, *The Believer*, *Poets & Writers*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and many other publications. He is the 2011 New Voices Professor of Fiction at Rutgers University. His daughter, Vivien, is three.

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**Ricardo Cortés** has illustrated books about marijuana, electricity, the Jamaican bobsled team, and Chinese food. His work has been featured in the *New York Times*, *Entertainment Weekly*, the *Village Voice*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and on CNN and FOX News. He lives in Brooklyn, where he is working on a book about the history of coffee, cocaine, and Coca-Cola.

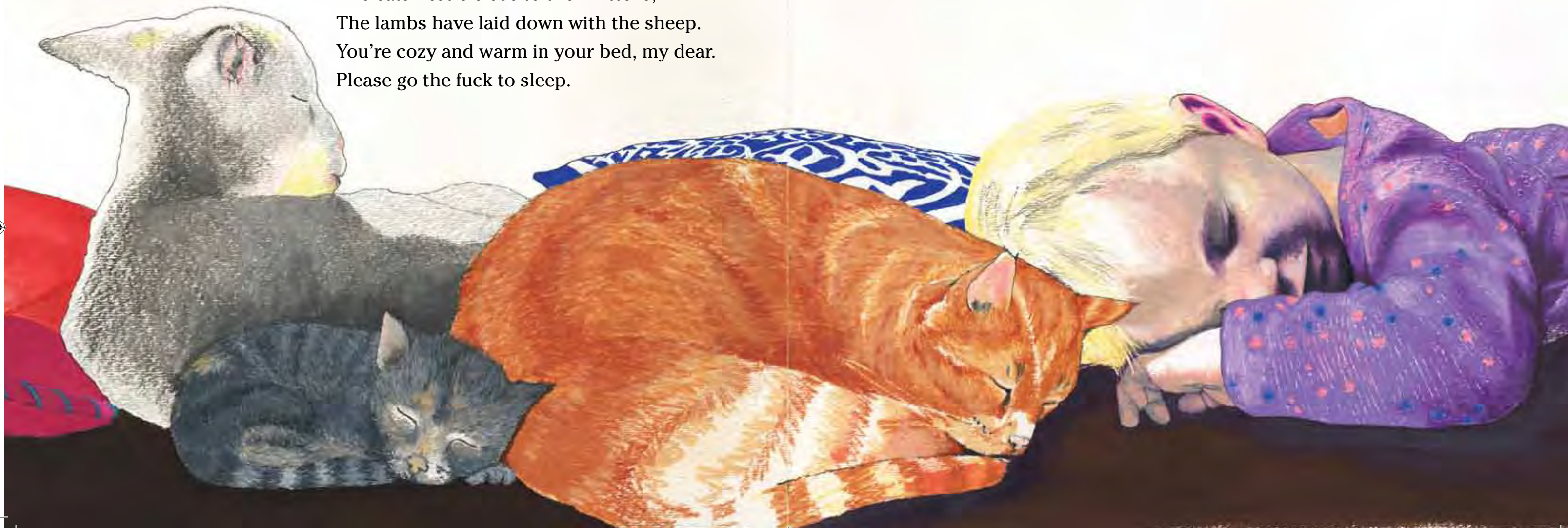
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*for Vivien, without whom none of this would be possible*



The cats nestle close to their kittens,  
The lambs have laid down with the sheep.  
You're cozy and warm in your bed, my dear.  
Please go the fuck to sleep.

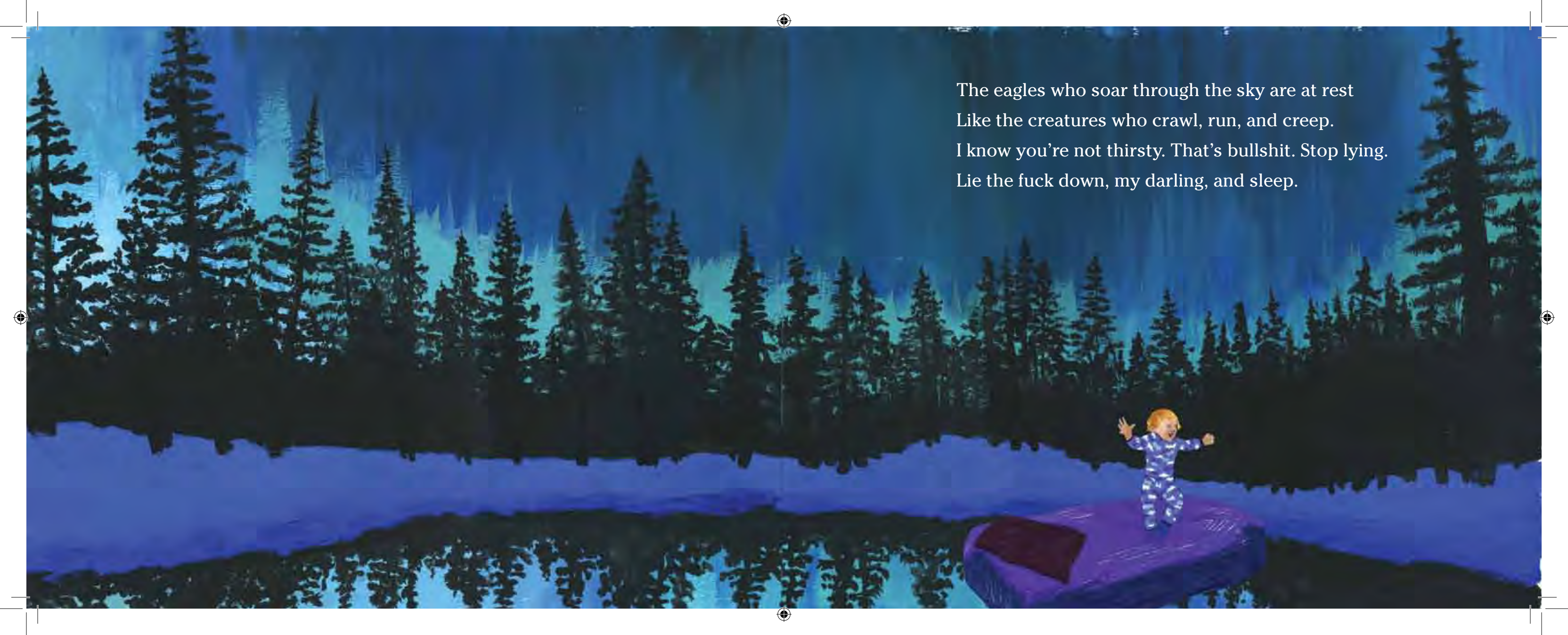




The windows are dark in the town, child.  
The whales huddle down in the deep.  
I'll read you one very last book if you swear  
You'll go the fuck to sleep.







The eagles who soar through the sky are at rest  
Like the creatures who crawl, run, and creep.  
I know you're not thirsty. That's bullshit. Stop lying.  
Lie the fuck down, my darling, and sleep.

The wind whispers soft through the grass, hon.  
The field mice, they make not a peep.  
It's been thirty-eight minutes already.  
Jesus Christ, what the fuck? Go to sleep.

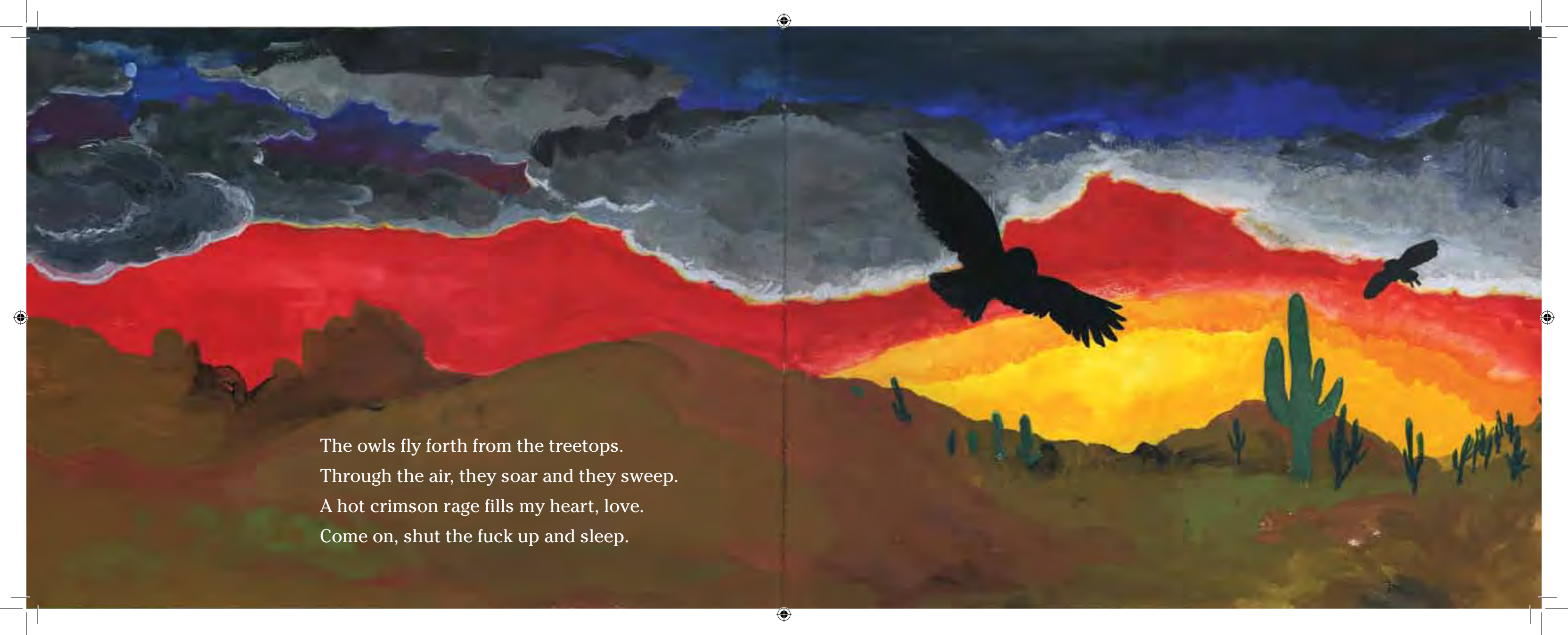




All the nursery kids are in dreamland.  
The froggie has made his last leap.  
Hell no, you can't go to the bathroom.  
You know where you can go? The fuck to sleep.







The owls fly forth from the treetops.  
Through the air, they soar and they sweep.  
A hot crimson rage fills my heart, love.  
Come on, shut the fuck up and sleep.

The cubs and the lions are snoring,  
Wrapped in a big snuggly heap.  
How come you can do all this other great shit  
But you can't lie the fuck down and sleep?







The seeds slumber beneath the earth now  
And the crops that the farmers will reap.  
No more questions. This interview's over.  
I've got two words for you, kid: fucking sleep.



The tiger reclines in the simmering jungle.  
The sparrow has silenced her cheep.  
Fuck your stuffed bear, I'm not getting you shit.  
Close your eyes. Cut the crap. Sleep.

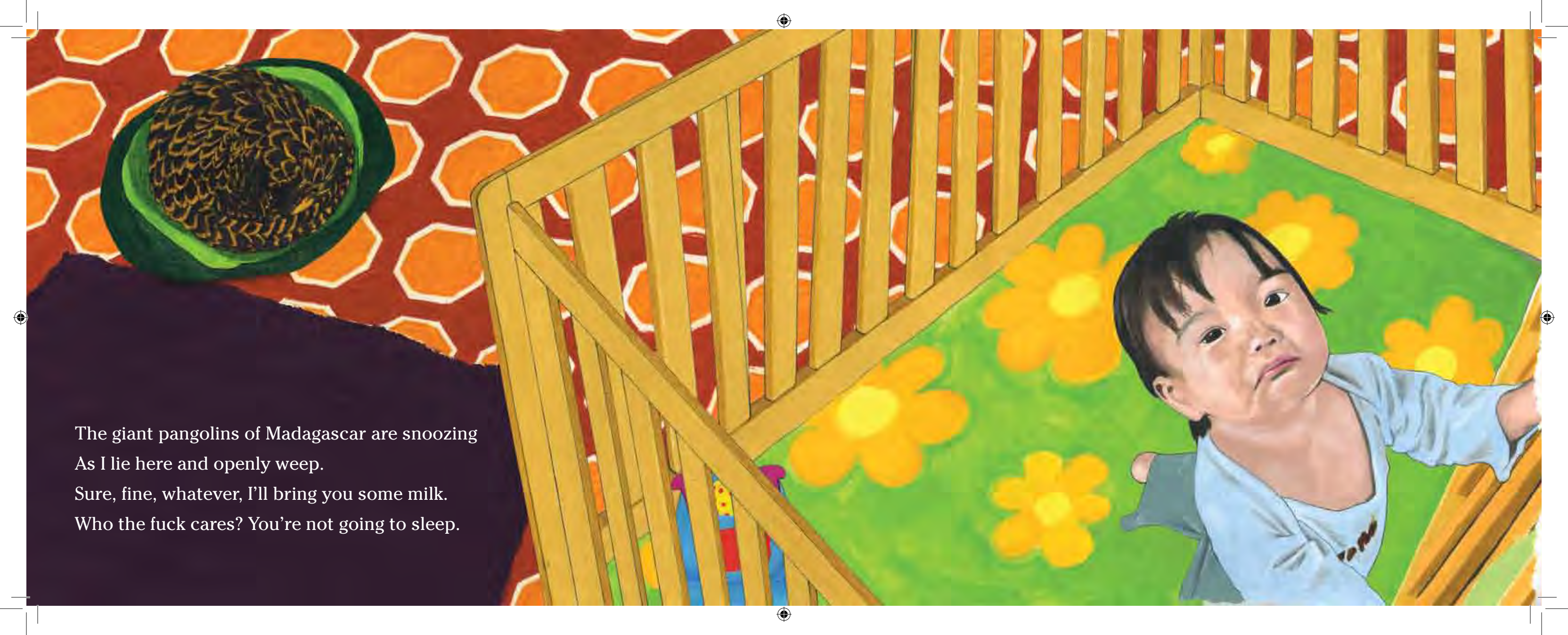




The flowers doze low in the meadows  
And high on the mountains so steep.  
My life is a failure, I'm a terrible parent.  
Stop fucking with me, please, and sleep.





A child with dark hair, wearing a light blue long-sleeved shirt, is sitting up in a wooden crib. The crib has a green blanket with large yellow flowers. To the left of the crib, on a red surface with a pattern of orange octagons, is a green bowl filled with dark, scaly pangolin scales. The child is looking towards the bowl with a sad expression.

The giant pangolins of Madagascar are snoozing  
As I lie here and openly weep.  
Sure, fine, whatever, I'll bring you some milk.  
Who the fuck cares? You're not going to sleep.



This room is all I can remember,  
The furniture crappy and cheap.  
You win. You escape. You run down the hall.  
As I nod the fuck off, and sleep.



Bleary and dazed I awaken  
To find your eyes shut, so I keep  
My fingers crossed tight as I tiptoe away  
And pray that you're fucking asleep.







We're finally watching our movie.  
Popcorn's in the microwave. *Beep.*  
Oh shit. Goddamn it. You've got to be kidding.  
Come on, go the fuck back to sleep.



**The End**



**'A children's book for grown-ups! I really did laugh out loud – hilarious!'**

**– David Byrne, musician, father of one**

**'Beautiful, brilliant, funny as fuck. A new *Contented Little Baby Book* for the discontented parent'**

**– Helen Walsh, author of *Go to Sleep*, mother of one**

**'*Go the Fuck to Sleep* is the secret anthem of tired parents everywhere'**

**– Bliss Broyard, author of *One Drop: My Father's Hidden Life*, mother of two**

***Go the Fuck to Sleep* is a bedtime book for parents who live in the real world, where a few snoozing kitties and cutesy rhymes don't always send a toddler sailing off to dreamland. Profane, affectionate and refreshingly honest, it captures the familiar and unspoken tribulations of putting your child to bed for the night. Hilariously funny, this is a breath of fresh air for parents new, old and expectant.\***

**\*You probably should not read it to your children.**

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